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MANNINGTON AND THE WALPOLES.

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

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MANNINGTON

AND

THE WALPOLES.

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MANNINGTON

AND

THE WALPOLES,

Earls of Orford.

BY

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANNINGTON HALL, NORFOLK.

The Fine Art Society,
148, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
1894.

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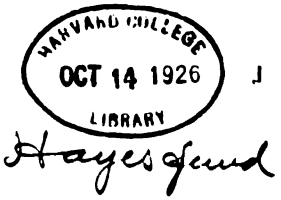

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PLATE No. 2.

MANNINGTON HALL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

The first Plate (which forms the *Frontispiece*) gives a view of the moat, the bridge, the gardens, and the trim-cut hedges. The illustration opposite shows the flint materials used for the structure of the walls. On the south wall, the window nearest the tower is that of the Library (see Plates 3 and 5). In the foreground is a portion of the moat. The statues and busts were placed in the gardens about fifty years ago by my brother.

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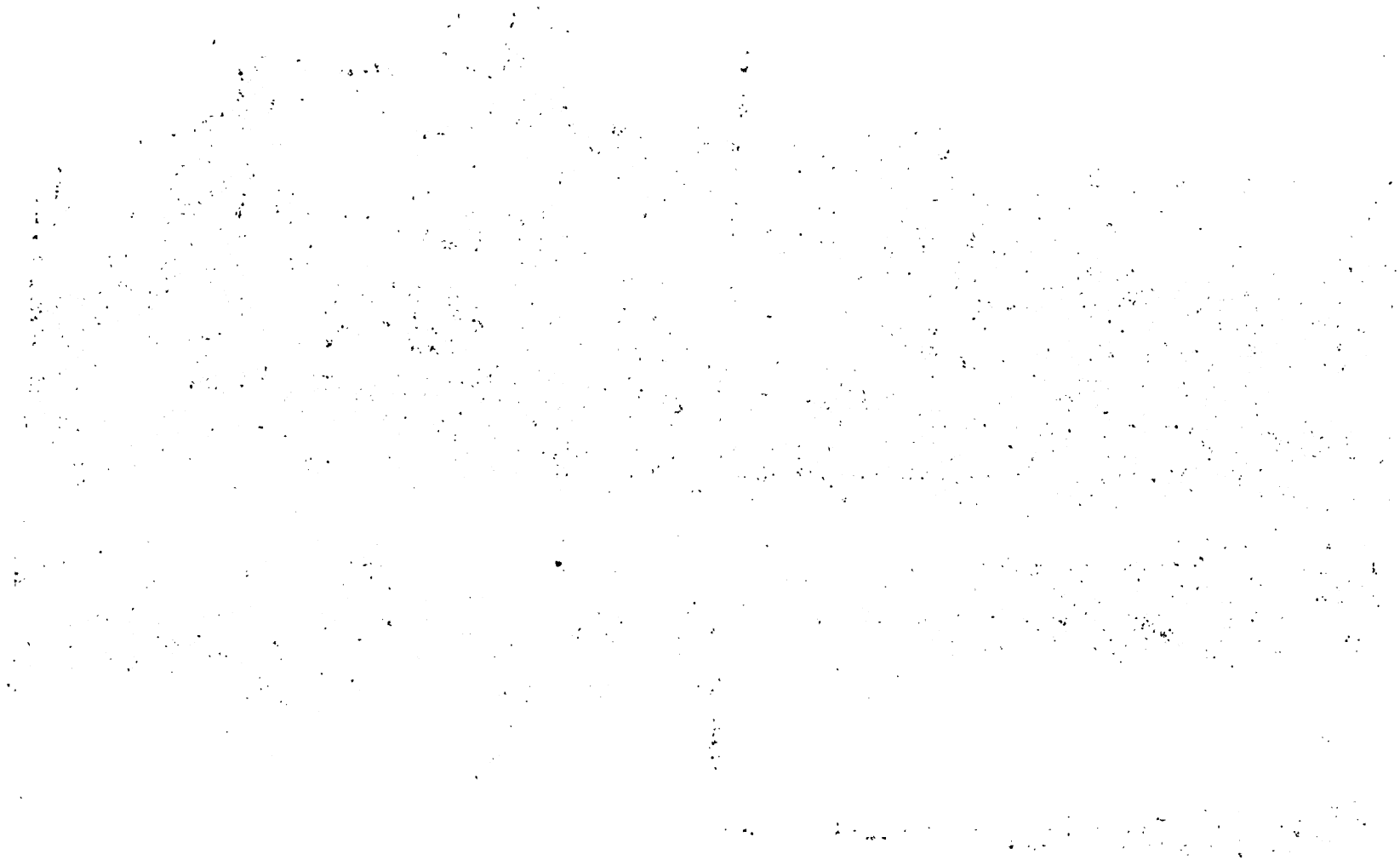

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PART I.

A SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE WALPOLE FAMILY.

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PART I.

A SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE WALPOLE FAMILY.

AS this memoir of Mannington is more or less associated with the family who dwelt therein, I propose giving a short notice of some of its members. The family of Walpole "took its denomination from a town of that name in Norfolk," and was seated in England before the Conquest, as is manifest from several authorities cited by Camden, who assures us that the owner of Walpole gave both that and Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely, to the monastery there, at the same time that he made his younger son, Aluric, a monk. This fact is further borne out by Edward the Confessor's confirmation of the house of Walpole to the said

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monastery. I need not trouble my readers with the names and the histories of the various Walpoles* who have had great possessions in the county of Norfolk, and I will skip them all until we arrive at Edward, the heir and eldest son of Thomas Walpole. In the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., one messuage in Houghton was granted to Edward Walpole and Lucy his wife. This lady was daughter to Sir Terry Robsart, and (by the death of her brother, Sir John Robsart, and the cruel murder of his daughter Amy without issue) she became heiress to her great-grandfather, Sir John Robsart, knight-banneret and knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. He was famous for his surprising valour in several actions in France in the reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI. This daughter Amy became wife to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and at her death John Walpole succeeded to the Manor of Siderstone, in Norfolk; and the Walpole family to this day quarter the lion of Robsart amongst their armorial bearings. But to return

* The best pedigree of the family is one contained in the first volume of the *Proceedings of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society*, at pp. 363-79.

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to Edward Walpole and Lucy his wife: he died in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, and was, with his wife, interred at Houghton in 1558. I will not enumerate the many Walpoles who sprang from this union. Robert, eldest son of Sir Edward Walpole, was elected to Parliament as one of the representatives for the borough of Castle Rising, from the first year of William and Mary till his death in 1700. He was D.L. and Colonel of Militia in the county of Norfolk, and bore several other offices suitable to his degree, as his ancestors did before him; and he is said to have been distinguished as one of the politest men of his time. His wife was Mary, only daughter and heiress to Sir Jeffrey Burwell, and they had numerous issue, including Mary, who married Sir C. Turner; the ill-fated Dorothy, the second daughter, who married Charles, Viscount Townshend, and who died tragically from falling down a staircase in 1727 at Raynham. For years Dorothy's ghost was supposed to walk, or rather glide, up and down the grand staircase, and became a terror to the visitors and servants at Raynham. Susan, the third daughter, married Anthony Hammond, of Westacre, in Norfolk. One son, Galfridus by name, a younger brother of Sir Robert, was a gallant officer. On

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March 26th, 1711, he lost his right arm in the Mediterranean when commanding the *Lion*, of eighty guns, in an action with four French ships, each mounting sixty guns. The sword he wore in this engagement was given to Captain Maurier Suckling (on his marriage with Mary Turner, niece of Galfridus), who bequeathed it to his nephew, Horatio Nelson, who, from the time he possessed it, wore it constantly; and at the battle of Teneriffe, where he received the severe wound in his right arm, he grasped the sword he had so long valued.

Horatio Walpole, the second son, was brought up in the service of the Crown, and after holding several minor appointments was despatched to the Hague in 1715, to take care of the British interests. On his return he was made Secretary to the Treasury, which post he resigned when his brother, Sir Robert, relinquished office; also Auditor of the "Trade and Plantations" revenue, and Secretary for Ireland. He represented in Parliament the borough of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, and East Looe, in Cornwall. In May 1724 he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary at the Court of France. His wife was Mary, daughter of Peter Lombard, and from him my brother, the present Earl, is descended. The eldest

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surviving son, brother of the above-named Horatio, was the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, born in 1676, and educated on the foundation at Eton, and from thence elected to King's, Cambridge; and by the death of his elder brothers Robert became entitled to the estates, and resigned his fellowship in 1698. The family borough of Castle Rising returned him to Parliament in 1701, and King's Lynn in 1702. He continued to represent King's Lynn, except during a short period in 1712, when the Tories succeeded in getting him expelled from the House and committed to the Tower. He was even chosen for the same place during his imprisonment, and no threats from those in power had the least influence upon the faithful corporation of the borough. After filling various distinguished posts, the dignity of Knighthood of the Bath was conferred upon him in May 1725, and in June the same year George I. declared him one of the Lords Justices for the administration of affairs during the King's absence in Hanover; and in May 1726 he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and installed at Windsor on June 16th. He resigned the Red Ribbon of the Bath in June 1728. Sir Robert Walpole married, in 1700, Catherine, daughter of John Shorter. He had three sons, Robert, Edward (who was the father of the three

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beautiful Miss Walpoles, one of whom was afterwards Countess Waldegrave and Duchess of Gloucester), and Horace, the famous art and letter writer. One of his daughters, Mary, was married to Viscount Malpas, son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley. Sir Robert Walpole's second marriage took place in 1738, and his wife, Maria Skerret, was the mother of Mary, wife of General Churchill. Robert, his eldest son, was, in consideration of his father's great services, created a peer as Baron Walpole, of Walpole, in the county of Norfolk, in June 1723. Sir Robert died at Houghton in 1745, and was buried with his ancestors in the parish church. It may be mentioned that there is a good account of Houghton and his various collections in the *Art Journal* for March 1887.

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PLATE No. 3.

THE LIBRARY.

The Library at Mannington was added to the house by my brother. I have caused two views of the room to be taken. This one shows a fine group of portraits. The large full-length picture on the left is a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole by Van Loo. Next hangs the half-length portrait of Cardinal Fleury, given by himself to Lord Walpole, the Ambassador. Under the Cardinal's portrait is one of Ripley, the architect. In the recess is a full-length portrait of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. Next to this, on the right, is a portrait of Sir Everard Faulkner, *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of the Empress Catherine. The view from the windows of the Library extends over the garden and moat (see Plate 2), and is very picturesque.

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PART II.

SOME NOTES RELATING TO VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY AND THEIR RELATIONS.

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cousin; but, as compensation, he left Lord Walpole a fine estate with a delightful old house in Dorsetshire, which he had acquired from his mother, Margaret Rolle, Countess of Orford, and in her own right Baroness Clinton and Trefusis. In Horace Walpole's essay on modern gardening, printed at Strawberry Hill in 1785, he writes: "At Lady Orford's, at Piddletown, in Dorsetshire, there was, when my brother married, a double inclosure of thirteen gardens, each, I suppose, not a hundred yards square, with an enfilade of corresponding gates; and before one arrived at these you passed a narrow gut between two stone terraces, that rose above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews." In 1894 these yews, grown into thirteen trees, still remain. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in those times, and a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

It was George, Earl of Orford, who introduced coursing into Norfolk, and no man ever sacrificed so much to practical and speculative sporting as he. Amongst his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive three red-deer—stags—in a phaeton instead of horses, and these animals he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys on the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket their ears were accidentally saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, who, soon after crossing the road in the rear, immediately caught scent of the "four-in-hand," and commenced a

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PLATE No. 5.

THE LIBRARY.—No. 2.

Immediately over the fireplace is a fine piece of woodcarving which came from the Bishop's Palace at Norwich. The ornamentation of the panels is very remarkable. On the left, over the door, is a portrait of Margaret, Countess of Orford (wife of Robert, the second Earl), and Baroness Clinton and Trefusis in her own right. On the other side is a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole as a comparatively young man, in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The open door on the left shows a fine miniature of Napoleon I. as Emperor.

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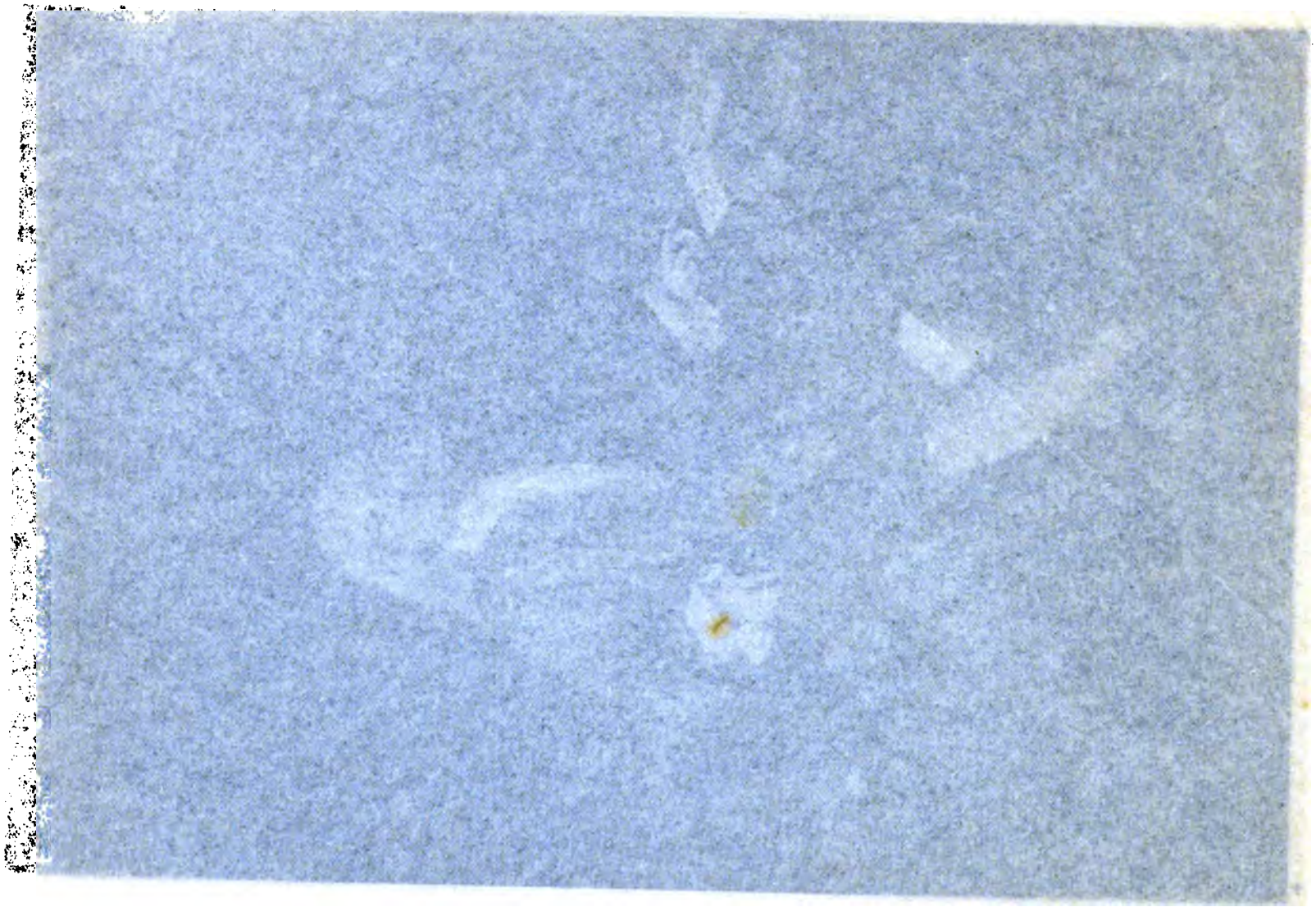

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Wolterton was filled with choice pictures and works of art, and with many historic treasures, some of the rooms having been furnished by the Queen of George II., Caroline of Anspach; more particularly the dining-room, which contained portraits of herself and the King, and all the Princesses and their husbands. She was a very great friend of the ambassador, as was also Cardinal Fleury, who, knowing how badly Lord Walpole spoke French, now asked: "*Il est diablement éloquent avec son mauvais français.*"

He married Mary, daughter of Peter Lombard, who, coming over as a refugee, bought this property in Norfolk. He had been formerly *Faiseur des Corsets* to Marie Thérèse, the Queen of Louis Quatorze.

While on the subject of Wolterton I must relate a curious legend of the family, belonging to Wolterton and the old parish church there—now destroyed.

Horatio, second Earl of Orford, most sacrilegiously unearthed all the old tombstones belonging to the Scalmers, former possessors of this place, and sold them in Norwich, and one of the unhappy ladies of this family, never finding rest after so terrible a sacrilege, is still said to haunt the churchyard, always searching for the remains of her relations; and with a view to neutralise the malpractices of the third Earl, and to mollify the injured spirit of the poor lady, every Earl of Orford at his burial is driven in the hearse three

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times round the ruined church before he is laid to his final rest in the family vault at Wickmere Church.

My father, the third Earl, was buried, like his ancestors, with this curious custom.

Many of the pictures are now removed to Mannington, to which I shall refer presently.

In the midst of all this desecration and decay there yet remains to the family this most interesting house, Mannington—a house in which my brother, Lord Orford, has taken the deepest interest. Part of it was built in 1412, and a licence was allowed to fortify, and I have extracted part of a memorandum from Blomefield's *History of Norfolk.*

"MANNINGTON, OR MANCTURA, AS IT IS WROTE IN DOMESDAY BOOK."

This is an ancient house, which, after many vicissitudes, in 1291 came into the possession of Maud, daughter and heiress of Walter Turrell, of Mannington and Iteringham. She married Walter Hewell, *alias* Dennell, who was lord in her right, as was Henry Lumner, her second husband. In 1401 Henry Lumner, grandson of Henry, held it in right of his late wife, heiress of Maud Dennell; the said Henry dying about 1402, left it to William Lumner, his son and heir, whose son William built the present hall and embattled castleway,

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new kind of chase with "breast high" alacrity. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage were of no effect; off they went with the celerity of a whirlwind, and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this Hudibrastic set of fiery-eyed steeds to the Ram Inn at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of the ostlers and stableboys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, phaeton, and Lord Orford were all instantaneously huddled together in a large barn just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate. This singular circumstance, although attended with no accident, effectually cured his lordship's passion for deer-driving, but his invincible love of coursing remained with him to the last.

The architect of Wolterton, as well as of Houghton, was Ripley, a carpenter employed by Sir Robert Walpole, who raised him to the position of architect, and made him comptroller of the Board of Works.

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Pope in his *Moral Essays* says:—

> "What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
> Some demon whispered 'Visto, have a taste.'
> Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
> And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule" (iv. 16—19).

And he again mentions Ripley in *The Dunciad*, Book III., l. 327.

Wolterton was built by the Lord Walpole ambassador to France in the reign of Louis Quinze, brother of Sir Robert Walpole. Both brothers built their houses simultaneously in different parts of the county, and the same artists from Italy and elsewhere journeyed to and fro to complete these two magnificent possessions,—Wolterton, with its grand rooms, its ceilings, its beautiful mantelpieces, its doors, etc., all deserted and falling into decay. This Lord Walpole was given by his brother, Sir Robert, a goodly sinecure of about £3,000 a year, auditor of the trade and comptrollership of plantation revenue. This enabled him to procure American walnut wood, from which material all the doors and shutters are made. He also had brought from America the wild American turkey, whose descendants still wander in the wood surrounding the house.

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PLATE No. 4.

THE AMBASSADOR WALPOLE.

This fine full-length portrait of the Ambassador seated is attributed with much probability to Van Loo. The Ambassador was brother to Sir Robert Walpole, and was Earl of Orford and Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

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similar to that of a house obtained of the King. On the battlements stand several small guns; and the pile, being of stone and black flints, has an agreeable appearance. The arms of Lumner impaling Monivaux were carved in the wainscot. He died about 1491. After some generations this place passed into the family of Potts. William Potts, in 1274, was sued by William Tirrell—then Lord—for encroaching and appropriating to himself the fee of a certain highway extending from Mannington to the Cam, and they were considerable yeomen, or land-owners. John Potts was a student in Lincoln's Inn, and married Anne, one of the daughters of John Dogge, and is buried in the parish church under an arched monument on the north side of the aisle, with the arms of Potts quartering Dogge; over all a pile with a plate. He died in 1600. After many others, too numerous to mention here, came Sir C. Potts, and I cannot help thinking he was a great Parliamentarian—a great friend of Cromwell, who often visited him at Mannington; for the Protector often stayed close by at the neighbouring house, Ermingland, then the property of General Fleetwood, who married Ireton's widow, Cromwell's daughter. Sir Charles, son of the last mentioned, was for many years member for the county of Norfolk. He married for his second wife Mary Smith, of London, but he left no issue. He is buried in this church near the altar under a black stone, with this inscription: "In hopes of a joyful resurrection, hereunder lies the body of Sir Charles Potts, Bart." He

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died January 14th, 1731, aged fifty-six years. His last lady survived him, and dying February 1736, aged sixty-one years, was also here interred; and after her death the manor and township, with the advowson, were conveyed to the Honourable Horace Walpole, and his son, Lord Walpole of Wolterton. The parish church is small, and was built by the Earl of Pembroke. It had no steeple or bell; the nave and chancel were tiled; but at this date the whole of it was not roofless, as it is now. And it is here, in the middle of this edifice, that my brother has elected to prematurely build his own tomb: but more of this hereafter.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for January 1780 there is an account of the sinking of three oaks into the ground, close to the spot where this old church stands. On Thursday, July 23rd, 1717, in the daytime, to the astonishment of those that were present, first one single oak with the roots and ground about it was seen to subside and sink into the earth, and not long after, at about forty yards' distance, two other oaks that were contiguous sank after the same manner into a much larger pit, about thirty-three feet in diameter. When the first tree sank it was observed that the water bubbled up in the hole; but on the sinking of the greater pit the water drained off into it from the former, which now continues dry, and the tree that stands upright in it is three feet eight inches in girth, and its trunk eighteen feet long; the other two are somewhat smaller. The soil is gravelly, and under that a

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quicksand over a clay, upon which there are springs which fill large ponds adjoining Mannington.

The Potts family were ruined in the South Sea Bubble, and so Mannington was acquired by the Walpoles. It is surrounded by a moat besides many ponds, the relics of past ages, when fish was more or less the food of the people. My brother has formed a most beautiful garden, composed chiefly of clipped yew and hornbeam hedges in more or less geometrical patterns, with appropriate busts scattered here and there, and with spaces filled in with dahlias, hollyhocks, and other glowing coloured flowers, so delightful a contrast to the terrible forms and fancies of bedding-out borders. I fear my kinsman (Horace Walpole) was answerable for these flowery innovations, as he it was who ridiculed the formal gardens with their picturesque and quaint topiary yews, etc., so admirably suited to our climate and seasons. Not far from this delightful grove is a shady path, leading to what was once the village church, to which we have referred. It was left to go to ruin when the two parishes of Mannington and Wickmere were consolidated, and thus only Wickmere Church, where was the family vault, was retained. My brother, as I have said before, has chosen to convert this ruined chapel or church, where rest so many of the Potts family, into a mausoleum for himself—always bearing in mind the fact that Sir Robert, as well as his son Horace

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Walpole, are both interred in the church at Houghton, under black slabs, with no inscriptions whatever. My brother's tomb is in granite, after the manner of the North Italy tombs, with the following inscription :—

HIC JACET HORATIUS COMES DE ORFORD
MORTIS MEMOR
POSTERITATIS NEGLIGENTIUM PROVIDENS
HOC SEPULCHRUM
VIVANS SIBI FECIT.

In this little grove, where the subsidence of the soil and the oak trees took place (the history of which I have narrated before) are various memorials: one to our mother, a pillar, on which is inscribed "Matri dulcissimæ Horatius Filius," and another epitaph to himself, and some others. This grove is reposeful and full of sweet memories, where one may linger and always feel enjoyment—a delightful spot for dreamers and philosophers; and even Schopenhauer and the poor sick Leopardi would have found quiet and repose therein. Close to this pleasant spot is a lovely secluded walk, called the "Cut," by the borders of a meandering trout stream; in fact, sweet Nature reigns everywhere.

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PLATE No. 6.

THE DINING-ROOM.

The panels in this room are of old carved oak which came from a church at Aylsham. The chimney-piece is rough stonework, with the arms of the Lumner and Potts families carved thereon. Over this is a fine piece of old Italian *bas-relief* by Luca della Robbia, which the plate shows well. There are numerous family portraits in the room, but they are in some instances hung too high to be properly photographed. For instance, the large picture on the left side of the fireplace is a portrait of the martyr Henry Walpole. Corresponding to this, on the right, is a portrait of the Bailie of Yarmouth, whose name is appended to the warrant for the execution of King Charles I. Under the portrait of the Bailie is a weird group of "Death and the Monk."

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My brother was once the victim of an incident which might have had disagreeable consequences. He was one day walking in his garden at Mannington, when he met a man named Wright, who, pointing a pistol at him, declared he would have his rights. On being interrogated, he stated that having been an old servant of my brother's grandfather he had been promised a pension, thus: "You see, my lord," he said, "your grandfather lay a-dying, and your father, the late Earl, was with me at the bedside, and your grandfather tried to speak and could not do so intelligibly. So your father, the late Earl, says, says 'e, 'Tell me, for God's sake, what does my dear father wish to say?' 'My lord,' says I, 'he wish to say, "*Give Wright fifty pounds a year, and give his wife the same*"—that is what he wish to say, my lord.'" Whether he ever got the pension by his tale I know not, but it has often caused much merriment in the family when the story is narrated.

But we must now return to the house. On the outside are several inscriptions. Over the door is written "*Morituro satis*," in a manner meaning, "This house is sufficient for one who has not long to live." By the side of the door is another quotation,—

"Aspice quid pejus Tigri, quid Tigride dæmon?
Dæmone quid mulier? Quid muliere nihil!!"

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which, being interpreted, runs thus: "What is worse than a tigress? A demon. What is worse than a demon? A woman. What is worse than a woman? Nothing!!"

We enter a small low hall hung with armour, deer's heads, etc. Conspicuous amongst these trophies is the hunting saddle of Sir Robert Walpole, made out of his hunting coat, and in which he is represented in the famous hunting picture of himself and his brother-in-law, General Turner, and his son-in-law, General Churchill, with all the hounds, painted by Wooton. This picture was afterwards burnt, with many other historic relics, in the disastrous fire at the Pantechnicon many years ago. Sir Robert is represented as riding the grey horse called by him "The Pretender," being the horse captured from James III. in one of the battles of 1715. The hall is hung, as well as the staircase, with fine old tapestry, and the story goes that the greater part of it was given by Cardinal Fleury to the Ambassador Walpole. With this tapestry are also hung here and there some of the family portraits. The most conspicuous of these is that of the venerable Henry Walpole. Henry Walpole was born in 1559. He was educated at Norwich School till he matriculated at Cambridge, 1575. He entered at Peterhouse in June that year, and lived in the fiery times of the persecutions of the Roman Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth. Unspeakable horrors were perpetrated on the unfortunate Catholics, and Henry Walpole saw, amongst many others, the execution of his

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best friend Campion. Dr. Jessop says that foremost among the throng who pressed near to catch the martyr's last words, or, if possible, to obtain some relic of him to keep as a treasure, was young Henry Walpole. When the executioner had finished his bloody work, and flung Campion's quarters into the cauldron that was simmering hard by, the blood spurted out upon Henry Walpole and bespattered his garments. At this sight every impulse of indignation and horror stirred within him, and it seemed that there had come to him a call from Heaven to take up the work which had been so cruelly cut short, and to follow that path which Campion had trodden. From that moment his course was determined, and from that day he devoted himself to the cause for which Edmund Campion had died. From henceforth he became an object of suspicion. His biographers assert that he had made himself obnoxious, converting more than twenty young men who were his associates, and there was a danger that by remaining in his native country he should compromise his relations; so he sailed for France, and arrived at Rheims July 7th, 1582, and then he set out for Rome. He was received as a student into the English College, and in January he offered himself to the Society of Jesus, and in 1584 he was admitted as a probationer. Two years he spent at Point-à-Mousson, during which time he was "Prefect of the Convictery." He was ordained priest at Paris in 1588. In 1593 he again returned to England, but was immediately arrested, and straightway

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committed to the Castle at York. He at once confessed himself a Jesuit father. His friends laid their plans for a rescue, and it only remained for the prisoner to throw himself into the plot; but he hesitated. Scruples of conscience suggested themselves, and that hankering after martyrdom came in to confuse his judgment. He knew the risks to be run, and that the freedom of one Jesuit father might be purchased too dearly by the blood of others, and he prepared to meet his doom as others had done before him. Essex, Elizabeth's favourite, at this time imagined he had found out a plot to assassinate the Queen; and after imprisoning and torturing many people, he brought Henry up to the Tower under the custody of a brutal jailer, who everywhere during the journey announced he was bringing a notable Jesuit who was party to a plot to murder the Queen. In the Walpole family the tradition has been handed down that the Queen was to have been poisoned through the pommel of her saddle, and this must have been a sublime idea for the Protestants to catch hold of, and Henry Walpole remained nearly two months in solitary confinement. On the 27th of the month he was subjected to his first examination, and on the 3rd of May he was subjected to another examination. He lay for months in the Tower. He scratched his name on one of the dreary walls of his dungeon, where it still remains. All his friends did for him proved to be in vain. He was brought to trial, and the judge ordered the jury to find him guilty; and with this

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PLATE No. 7.

THE SITTING-ROOM.

This room has a south-west aspect, and is the favourite sitting-room of the family. Its walls are rich in carved panelling, some of which is of the time of Henry VII. My brother removed some of it from the old house of Ermingland, near Mannington. The chimney has never been altered since it was built, and has the cosy old chimney-corner, of which so few now remain. In this room there is a portrait of Pope, given by himself to Lord Walpole.

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order came the end, and he suffered with many others. After many prayers he was beginning *Ave Maria*, when they "turned him off" the ladder (the mode of execution in those days), and they let him hang until he was dead. Thus suffered upon the scaffold the martyr Henry Walpole. No one can think of his sufferings without pity, or of his cruel death without shame. He would have been beatified with the last martyrs in 1886, had he not suffered in 1595—and the last list of the blessed martyrs was those who suffered between 1535 and 1583; but to our family he is always the blessed Henry Walpole, of whom we are justly proud.

Entering the dining-room there is a curious old fireplace and stone mantelpiece carved with the arms of Lumner, the ancient possessors of the property. Near this mantelpiece stand two whole-length, weird figures—of a monk, apparently claimed by death, who takes the form of a skeleton, and is urging the unhappy monk to follow whither he listeth. On the other side of the room is a full-length picture of the Ambassador Horace Walpole, seated with a letter in his hand addressed "*A son Excellence Monsieur Walpole.*" This gentleman formed part of a large picture, comprising himself and wife and seven or eight children, some of which are represented as angels, apparently having died as babies. My father cut this picture up and gave the portraits to different members of the family whose descendants they are. The unhappy wife, Miss Lombard (before mentioned), is said to

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haunt Wolterton, seeking for her divided relatives. In this room are many sketches,—one is of the famous hunting piece by Wooton—a nice portrait of Mr. Faulkner, our grandfather, and of Lady Mary Churchill, and many others of minor importance.

The sitting-room, the ceiling of which is low with great oak beams across, is wainscoted with most beautiful oak, panelled, and of very early date. It was taken out of the old Manor House at Ermingland, where Cromwell was wont to visit so often. This room leads into the drawing-room, a very fine room with most beautiful oak carving over the mantel-piece, said to have come out of the Bishop's Palace at Norwich. There are two fine portraits of Sir Robert Walpole, one of them by Van Loo—both portraits represent him as Chancellor of the Exchequer, one as a comparatively young man. Near him hangs a half-length of Cardinal Fleury, given to the Ambassador by himself; near him is the portrait of his king, Louis XV., a fine whole-length by Van Loo representing him as quite a young man. It hangs in a fine gilt frame, and underneath is carved, "Donné par le Roi à Monsieur"; then comes the half-length portrait of Dorothy, Lady Townshend, the sister of Sir Robert, that unfortunate lady whose fate was somewhat like that of Amy Robsart, both ladies having been killed by their husbands. Till lately the unhappy Dorothy haunted Raynham, the family seat of the Townshends, and caused much talk in the neighbourhood,

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but, a side staircase near the room having been walled up, it is supposed that now her spirit has at last gone to its rest, and nothing more has been heard of her. There are many more portraits in this room, and in particular that of Ripley the architect, and of Sir Everard Faulkner, the Secretary of Legation to Russia, and his wife; also a lovely pastelle of Mr. Faulkner, my grandfather.

Adjoining this drawing-room is the library. It contains many rare books, chiefly from the library at Wolterton; amongst others, the works of Alexander Pope, which he gave, with his portrait, by Richardson, to the Ambassador Walpole; all Lord Lytton's novels, given by himself, with his autograph, to my brother; and many other interesting works. On the mantelpiece is placed a pencil sketch of Sir R. Walpole, who sat to the sculptor Rysbraek for a bust of him which is now at Mannington. The doors of this room, as well as of many of the others, are of solid American walnut, taken from Wolterton, and their history I have already given in this memoir.

Up the staircase are more family portraits, as also old velvet furniture taken from the private chapel at Wolterton, originally crimson, but now quite faded with age. I forgot to mention that in the last room I have described there is a table with a glass top containing many curious snuff-boxes, besides family relics, such as the heron's plume

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belonging to Sir R. Walpole, and worn by him at his installation as Knight of the Garter. I cannot find out whether the custom of wearing a heron's plume—or rather the one feather of many herons—was then the custom of the day, but I give the tale as it was transmitted to me from my earliest childhood. Amongst the other treasures is the miniature of the Empress Catherine, and also a gold salts-bottle given by Her Majesty to my great-grandfather, Sir Everard Faulkner, to whom that obliging Sovereign took a great fancy when he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg. There are the seals of Sir R. Walpole and many other knick-knacks too numerous to mention, including the silver plate, all engraved by William Hogarth, and presented to Sir R. Walpole by the City of London. Amongst these pleasant surroundings for many years my dear brother loved to dwell; now he has left Mannington, but with due care paid to its preservation, and at times some of the family dwell there. When I visit it, about once a year, it recalls to me all the memories of my childhood, as, alas! it also recalls all those dear ones who have left me almost desolate.

To my dear brother I dedicate this very feeble effort on my part, hoping it may, in a manner, illustrate the last home of the Walpoles.

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PLATE No. 8.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

This is the interior of the Old Chapel, with the walls now overgrown with ivy Having been once a Roman Catholic place of worship, it contains the recess for holy water. The inscription on the right reads thus :—

"DECIPIMUR VOTIS ET TEMPORE FALLIMUR ET MORS
DERIDET CURAS AUREA VITA NIHIL."

Inside the chancel are buried many of the Potts family.

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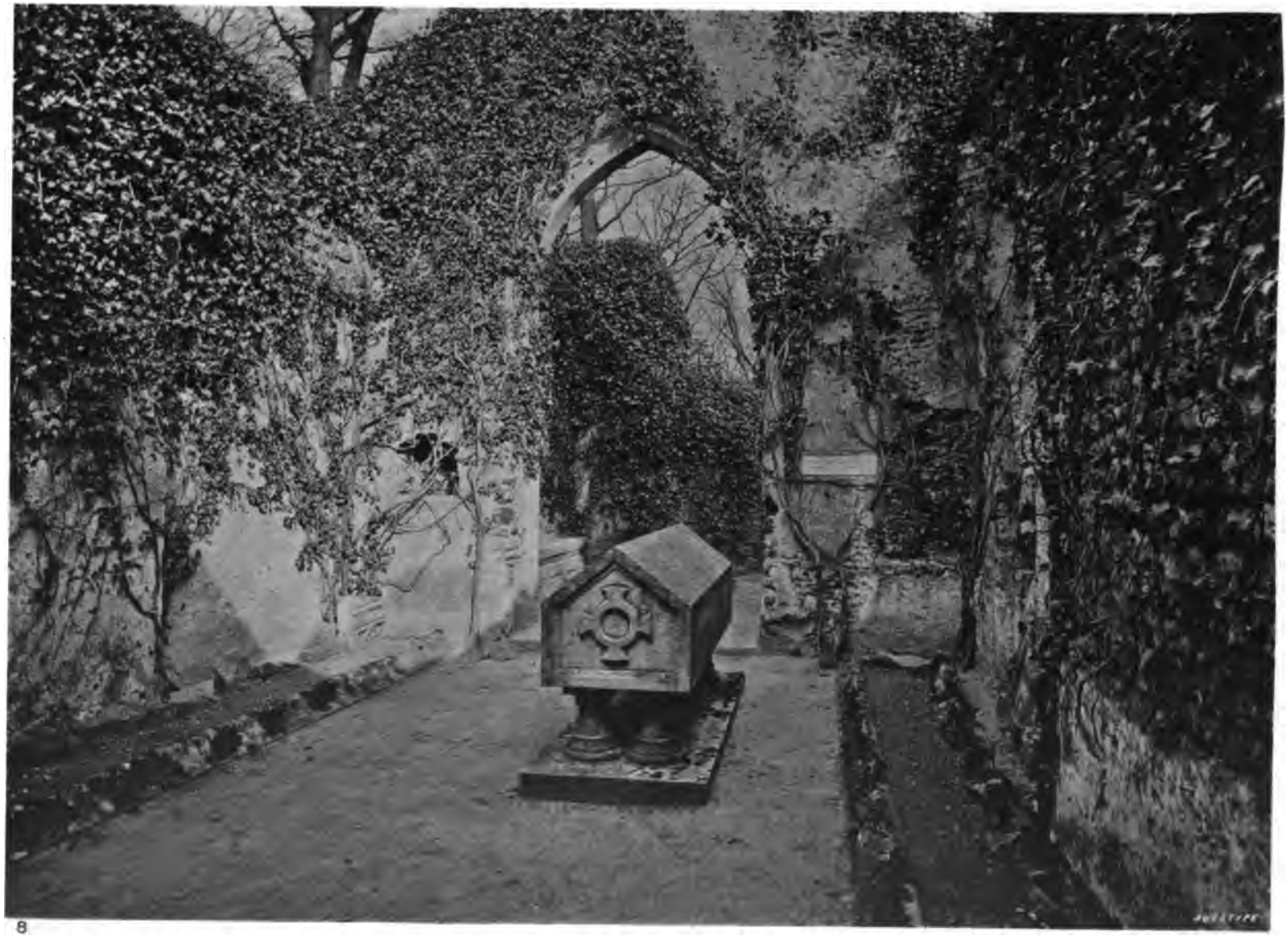

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APPENDIX.

TWO ORFORD LETTERS.

MY father was gifted with a sense of humour which made itself apparent on more than one occasion when replying to a communication from a public official. An instance of this occurs to me. He had been appointed by the then Conservative Government Lord High Steward of Yarmouth, but the next Liberal Government dismissed him from this honourable office. His letter acknowledging this last communication is characteristic.

"GENTLEMEN,—My appointment of Lord High Steward of Yarmouth by the "late Government was received with pride and pleasure. My dismissal by the "present Government confers almost equal honour upon

"Your obedient servant,

"ORFORD."

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In 1824 Lord Orford was invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society. His reply was as follows:—

"SIR,—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter—*surprised* "because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an applica- "tion, and *annoyed* because it compels me to have even this communication with "you.

"I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the "Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious "tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you "think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.

"I would rather live in the land of Sinners than with such Saints."

I am indebted to Mr. Spencer Walpole for a reference to this last letter, which I have copied from the *Annual Register* for 1824.

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PLATE No. 9.

THE GROVE.

The Grove nearly surrounds the Old Chapel (see Plate 8). It is a lovely spot, and everywhere there are memorials to absent and departed friends. The photograph was taken in early spring, before the foliage had had time to come out.

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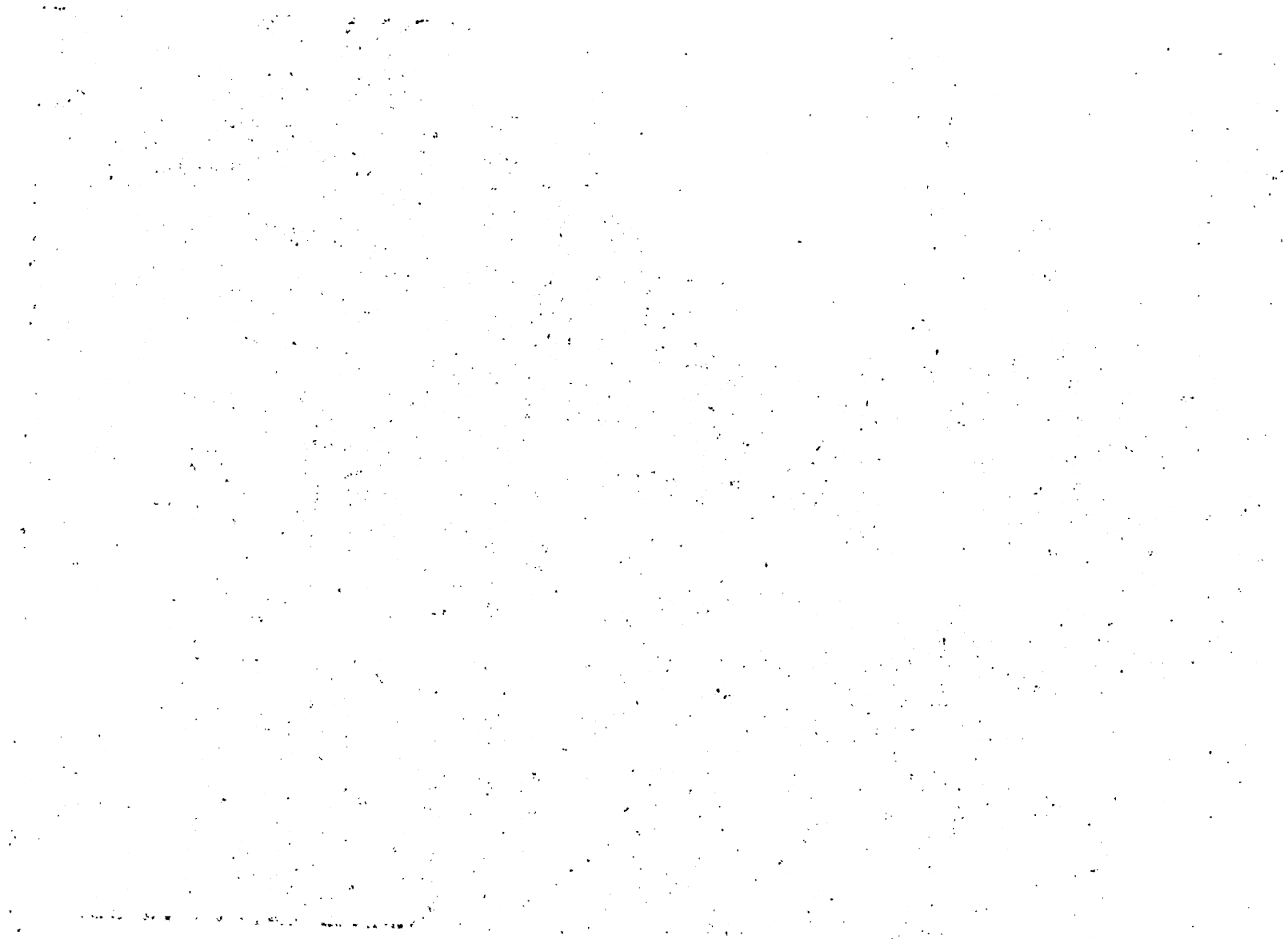

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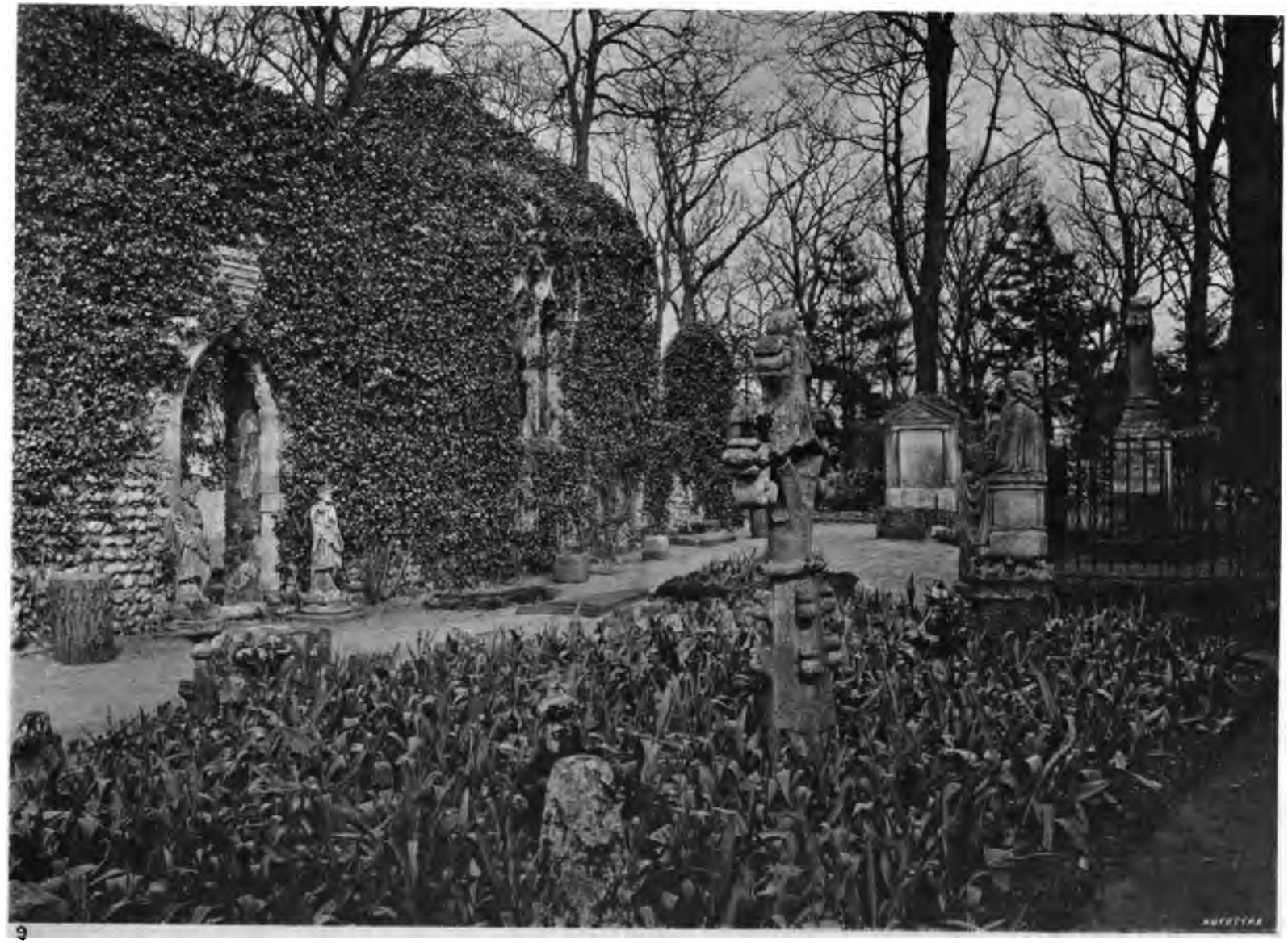

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NOTE ON THE TWO EARLDOMS OF ORFORD.

I. Sir Robert Walpole, 1st Earl of Orford, *d.* 1742.

II. Robert, 2nd Earl (1st Baron Walpole, of Walpole).

III. George, 3rd Earl.

IV. Horace, 4th Earl. *d.* unmarried, 1797.

V. His First Cousin, Horatio, 2nd Lord Walpole, of Wolterton, was, in 1806, created Earl of Orford, *d.* 1809.

VI. Horace, 2nd Earl. *d.* 1822.

VII. Horatio, 3rd Earl, *d.* 1858.

VIII. Horatio William, Present (1894) Earl.

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PLATE No. 10.

THE GROVE.—No. 2.

The beauty of the Grove renders it necessary to give two views of it. But I need not add any further account of the scene.

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